

# The Manager Of the B. & A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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He took a letter from his pocket, opened it and handed it to the doctor.

"I guess you can see to read this if you will step nearer the street lamp."

The letter was an offer from one of the big eastern lines. While the doctor knew very little of railroads, he understood that the offer was a fine one and was impressed accordingly.

"I'd take it," he said. "I wouldn't fitter away any time here. Precious little thanks you'll ever get."

"I can't honorably break with General Cornish. In fact, I have already declined, but I wanted you to see the letter."

"I am sorry for your sake that you did. You are sure to have more trouble."

"So much the more reason why I should stay."

"I am quite frank with you, Oakley. Some strong influence is at work. No, it hasn't to do with your father. You can't well be held accountable for his acts."

Ryder's laughter reached them as he spoke. Oakley could see him faintly outlined in the moonlight, where he sat between Constance Emory and her mother. The influence was there. It was probably at work at that very moment.

"I wouldn't be made a martyr through any chivalrous sense of duty," continued the doctor. "I'd look out for myself."

Dan laughed again.

"You are preaching cowardice at a great rate."

"Well, what's the use of sacrificing oneself? You possess a most horrible sense of rectitude."

"I would like to ask a favor of you," hesitating.

"I was going to say if there was anything I could do—"

"If you don't mind," with increasing hesitancy, "will you say to Miss Emory for me that I'd like to see her tomorrow afternoon? I'll call about 3—that is—"

"Yes, I'll tell her for you."

"Thank you," gratefully. "Thank you very much. You think she will be at home?" awkwardly, for he was afraid the doctor had misunderstood.

"I fancy so. I can see now, if you wish."

"No, don't. I'll call on the chance of finding her in."

"Just as you prefer."

Oakley extended his hand.

"I won't keep you standing any longer. Somehow our talk has helped me. Good night."

"Good night."

The doctor gazed abstractedly after the young man as he moved down the street, and he continued to gaze after him until he had passed from sight in the shadows that lay beneath the whispering maples.

## CHAPTER XIII.

PERHAPS it showed lack of proper feeling, but Oakley managed to sleep off a good deal of his emotional stress, and when he left his hotel the next morning he was quite himself again.

His attitude toward the world was the decently cheerful one of the man who is earning a good salary, and whose personal cares are far from being numerous or pressing. He was still capable of looking out for Cornish's interests, and his own, too, if the need arose.

He went down to the office alert and vigorous. As he strode along he nodded and smiled at the people he met on the street. If the odium of his father's crime was to attach itself to him it should be without his help. Antioch might count him callous if it liked, but it must not think him weak.

His first official act was to go for Kerr, who was unusually cantankerous, and he gave that frigid gentleman a scare which lasted him for the better part of a week, for Kerr, who had convinced himself overnight that Oakley must resign, saw himself having full swing with the Huckleberry and was disposed to treat his superior with airy indifference. He had objected to hunting up an old order book Dan wished to see on the score that he was too busy, whereas, as Holt expressed it, the latter "jumped on him with both feet." His second official act was to serve formal notice on Branton that he was dismissed from the shops. He was even harsh with Miss Walton, and took exception to her spelling of a typewritten letter which he was sending off to Cornish in London.

He also inspected every department in the shops and was glad of an excuse he discovered to reprimand Joe Stokes, who was stockkeeper in the carpenter's room, for the slovenly manner in which the stock was handled. Then he returned to the office and as a matter of discipline kept Kerr busy all the rest of the morning hauling dusty order books from a dark closet. He felt that if excitement was what was wanted he was the one to furnish it. He had been too easy.

Naturally the office force gave a deep sigh of satisfaction when Oakley closed his desk and announced that he was going uptown and would not return. Miss Walton confided to Kerr that she just hoped he would never come back.

It was a little before 3 o'clock when Dan presented himself at the Emorys'. The maid who answered his ring ushered him into the parlor with marked trepidation. She was a timid soul. Then she withdrew from the room, but returned almost immediately to say

that Miss Emory would be down in a moment.

When Constance entered the room he advanced a little uncertainly. She extended her hand quite cordially, however. There was no trace of embarrassment or constraint in her manner.

As he took her hand Dan said simply, going straight to the purpose of his call:

"I have thought a good deal over what I want to tell you, Miss Emory." Miss Emory instantly took the alarm and was on the defensive. She enveloped herself in that species of inscrutable feminine reserve men find so difficult to penetrate. She could not imagine what he had to tell her that was so pressing. He was certainly very curious and unconventional. There was one thing she feared he might want to tell her which she was firmly determined not to hear.

Oakley drew forward a chair.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked gravely.

"Thank you, yes." It was all so formal they both smiled.

Dan stood with his back to the fireplace, now filled with ferns, and rested an elbow on the mantel. There was an awkward pause. At last he said slowly:

"It seems I've been the subject of a lot of talk during the last two days, and I have been saddled with a matter for which I am in no way responsible, though it appears to reflect on me quite as much as if I were."

"Really, Mr. Oakley," began Constance, scenting danger ahead. But her visitor was in no mood to temporize.

"One moment, please," he said hastily.

"You have heard the story from Mr. Ryder."

"I have heard it from others as well."

"It has influenced you?"

"No, I won't say that," defiantly. She was not accustomed to being catechized.

"At least it has caused you to seriously doubt the wisdom of an acquaintance," blurted Oakley.

"You are very unfair," rising, with latent anger.

"You will greatly oblige me by sitting down again."

And Constance, astonished beyond measure at his tone of command, sank back into her chair with a little smothered gasp of surprise. No one had ever ventured to speak to her like that before. It was a new experience.

"We've got to finish this, you know," explained Dan, with one of his frankest smiles, and there was a genial simplicity about his smile which was very attractive. Constance, however, was not to be propitiated, but she kept her seat. She was apprehensive lest Oakley would do something more startling and novel if she attempted to cut short the interview.

She stole a glance at him from under her long lashes. He was studying the carpet, apparently quite lost to the enormity of his conduct. "You have heard their side of the story, Miss Emory. I want you to hear mine. It's only fair, isn't it? You have heard that my father is an ex-convict?"

"Yes," with a tinge of regret.

"That he is a murderer?" plunging ahead mercilessly.

"Yes."

"And this is influencing you?"

"I suppose it is," helplessly. "It would naturally. It was a great shock to us all."

"Yes," agreed Dan. "I can understand, I think, just how you must look at it."

"We are very, very sorry for you, Mr. Oakley. I want to explain my manner last night. The whole situation was so excessively awkward. I am sure you must have felt it."

"I did," shortly.

"Oh, dear, I hope you didn't think me unkind?"

"No." Then he added, a trifle wearily: "It's taken me all this time to realize my position. I suppose I owe you some sort of an apology. You must have thought me fearfully thick skinned."

He hoped she would say no, but he was disappointed. Her conscience had been troubling her, and she was perfectly willing to share her remorse with him since he was so ready to assume a part of it. She was as conventional as extreme respectability could make her, but she had never liked Oakley half so well. She admired his courage. He didn't whine. His very stupidity was in its way admirable, but it was certainly too bad he could not see just how impossible he was under the circumstances.

Dan raised his eyes to hers. "Miss Emory, the only time I remember to have seen my father until he came here a few weeks ago was through the grating of his cell door. My mother took me there as a little boy. When she died I came west, where no one knew me. I had already learned that because of him, I was somehow judged and condemned too. It has always been hanging over me. I have always feared exposure. I suppose I can hush it up after awhile, but there will always be some one to tell it to whoever will listen. It is no longer a secret."

"Was it fair to your friends, Mr. Oakley, that it was a secret?"

"I can't see what business it was of theirs. It is nothing I have done, and, anyhow, I have never had any friends until now I cared especially about."

(To Be Continued.)

## FAT POCKETBOOK FOUND ON STREET

"Shorty" Scott Makes Owner Glad By His Honesty.

W. J. Lewis Drops His Wallet Full of Bills on Third Street Near Broadway.

HAD NEVER MISSED HIS ROLL.

Waiter Scott, better known as "Shorty," who keeps a hamburger and tamale stand on Third street between Broadway and Kentucky avenue, saw a fat pocketbook lying on the pavement in front of his stand last night about 8 o'clock. He asked a friend standing near to hand it to him.

"I don't guess there is anything in this fat old book," Shorty declared as he opened it. He was much surprised to take out a fat layer of bills of \$50 and \$20 denominations and a check for \$50. An owner was found a short time after, but he did not know that he had lost it until Scott asked him to feel for his pocketbook.

The owner is W. J. Lewis, a conductor on the N. C. & St. L. railroad, residing at 1008 Trumble street. He was standing in front of the tamale stand eating a hamburger. He pulled his handkerchief out of his hip pocket, where he kept the pocketbook, and it fell out when the handkerchief was brought to view unnoticed to Mr. Lewis or any one else. He had been gone a short time only when the pocketbook was found. He returned in fifteen minutes with a friend and discovered that his property had been found and was in good hands.

The total amount of money in the pocketbook was \$212 in cash and a check for \$50.

## NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

Public notice is hereby given that the regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad company will be held at the company's office in Chicago, Illinois, on Wednesday, October 17, 1906, at twelve o'clock, noon.

To permit personal attendance at said meeting there will be issued to each holder of one or more shares of the capital stock of the Illinois Central Railroad company as registered on the books of the company at the close of business on Monday, September 24, 1906, who is of full age, a ticket enabling him, or her, to travel free over the company's lines from the station on the Illinois Central railroad nearest to his or her registered address to Chicago and return such ticket to be good for the journey to Chicago only during the four days immediately preceding, and the day of the meeting, and for the return journey from Chicago, only on the day of the meeting, and the four days immediately following.

When properly countersigned and stamped during business hours, on or before Saturday, October 20, 1906—that is to say, between 9:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.—in the office of the assistant secretary, Mr. W. G. Bruen, in Chicago, such ticket may be obtained by any holder of stock registered as above on application, in writing, to the president of the company in Chicago, but each stockholder must individually apply for his or her ticket.

Each application must state the full name and address of the stockholder exactly as given in his or her certificate of stock together with the number and date of such certificate. No more than one person will be carried free in respect to any one holding of stock as registered on the books of the company.

A. G. HACKSTAFF, Secretary.

Chicago, July 23, 1906.

## Notice to Contractors.

Bids will be received at the office of the city engineer, in the city of Paducah, Kentucky, up to 3 o'clock, August 25, 1906, for the construction of about seven (7) miles of combined sanitary and storm water sewers, in the city of Paducah, Kentucky.

Plans and specifications will be on file in the engineer's office, in the city of Paducah, Kentucky, after August 15, 1906. A certified check of \$1,000 must accompany each and every bid.

The city reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

D. A. YEISER, Mayor.

Paducah, Ky., August 4, 1906.

## Knows Nothing of Report.

Former President Jimenez, of Santo Domingo, sailed from San Juan for New York Tuesday. He disclaimed any knowledge of an organization of Santo Domingo revolutionists in Porto Rico.

## Chicago-New York Air Line.

Joseph Ramsey, Jr., is said to be interested with foreign capitalists in a project to build a low-grade, double-track air line railway from New York to Chicago.

## Scorn not the humble instrument.

Many a masterpiece hath been penned with the quills from a goose.

## SILENCE BROKEN BY J. W. WARREN

Is Employed in Gold Mine in Mountains of Mexico.

Writes Interestingly of Conditions There, Which Indicate War With United States.

NATIVES HATE FOREIGNERS.

After a silence of seven years Mr. J. W. Warren, a brother of Mr. W. N. Warren, the Paducah jeweler, has written his brother a letter apprising him of his whereabouts, but the letter is not by any means encouraging. The brother's position is one of peril and he bids fair to experience something of a miniature war.

Mr. J. W. Warren has not been heard from in seven years and his whereabouts and had no way to locate him. "I received a letter from him yesterday," Mr. Warren stated, "and he is located in the central western part of Mexico working in the gold mines. He is employed as one of the bosses, and states that there is trouble coming between Mexico and Uncle Sam."

"He tells me that the Mexicans have threatened to drive all Americans from the country, and that the work will begin in September. The natives allege that the Americans are making too much money, and they do not intend to stand for it."

"Preparation among the natives convince the foreigners that the natives are in earnest, and my brother writes that the company has fortified the plantation where its mines are located. Guns of all description, rapid fire weapons, etc., are being sent from Chicago Monday."

When City Solicitor Campbell was preparing the ordinance for the sewer work this morning, using the plans in City Engineer Washington's office to aid him, he discovered that the sewer route traverses the property of several citizens.

This discovery put an end to his labors. He immediately called into consultation Mayor Yelzer and other city officials and explained to them that the city cannot construct the sewer until it has secured consent of the property owners to the use of their land.

Two plans are open to the city. It can condemn the right of way or secure grants from the property owners or confine the extension at present to that part of the district that can be reached without going onto private property.

The latter plan is advocated by City Solicitor Campbell, and he suggested that nothing further be done until Monday when Engineer Alvord can see the plans, and possibly rearrange them so as to keep off private property, at least, out Broadway where the school building is to be reached.

To await until rights of way can be secured or condemnation proceedings are the matter with her.

"Better not go too near. Maybe the heat has affected her mind."

"Poor thing! Maybe it is over-said."

"Land sakes! She might be one of these here anarchists."

"Bet she has been disappointed in love."

Suddenly the beautiful girl smiled.

"It's all right now," she said sweetly.

"What's all right?" asked the crowd, breathless with suspense.

"Why, my waist. A button came loose in the back and I had such a awful time reaching it. But it's all right now."

And then the crowd melted away like ice cream in a summer sun. — Chicago News.

## Paris Green on Tobacco.

It develops that the farmers are using paris green very freely to destroy tobacco worms. The remedy is effective, it simply slays the worms by the wholesale, and it seems to be the only salve for saving the crop.

Some people are afraid of it, and hesitate to use the deadly poison. Connecticut has a strict and severe law against its use on tobacco. However, if good rains follow after its use, washing the poison from the leaves, there is no danger in paris green unless it gets in the stomach, in which event the smallest portion is deadly.

But people chewing tobacco don't have to swallow it. In fact, do not, as the tobacco itself is sickening to the stomach. It is estimated that the crop this year will be short and worth a heap of money, and every farmer will protect the crop against the worms. — Mayfield Messenger.

## —Our Planos are known; so are we.

Ask your neighbor about them; some have used them over thirty years; they are guaranteed from seven years to indefinite time. D. H. Baldwin & company, 520 Broadway.

## Woman's Trials.

The bitter trail in a woman's life is to be childless. Who can tell how hard the struggle may have been ere she learnt to resign herself to her lonely lot? The absence of this link to bind marital life together, the absence of the one pledge to mutual affection is a common disappointment. Many unfortunate couples become estranged thereby. Even if they do not drift apart, one may read the whole extent of their disappointment in the eyes of such a childless couple when they rest on the children of others. To them the largest family does not seem too numerous.

In many cases of barrenness or childlessness the obstacle to child-bearing is easily removed by the cure of weakness on the part of the woman. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been the means of restoring health and fruitfulness to many a barren woman, to the great joy of the household. In other, but rare cases, the obstruction to the bearing of children has been found to be of a surgical character, but easily removable by painless operative treatment at the Loyal Dispensary and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., over which Dr. Pierce of the "Favorite Prescription" fame presides. In all cases where children are desired and are absent, an effort should be made to find out the real cause, since it is generally so easily removed by proper treatment.

In all the various weaknesses, displacements, prolapsus, inflammation and debilitating, catarrhal drains and in all cases of nervousness and debility, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most efficient remedy that can possibly be used. It has its credit hundreds of thousands of cures, many in fact, than any other remedy put up for sale through druggists, especially for women's use. The ingredients of which the "Favorite Prescription" is composed have received the most positive endorsement from the leading medical writers on *Materia Medica* of all the several schools of practice. All the ingredients are printed in plain English on the wrapper enclosing the bottle, so that any woman making use of this famous medicine may know exactly what she is taking. Dr. Pierce takes his patients into his full confidence, which he can afford to do as the formula after which the "Favorite Prescription" is made will bear the most careful examination.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best and safest laxative for women.

Thomas Hawkins against steamer Monie Bauer.

Whereas a libel was filed in the district court of the United States, for the western district of Kentucky, at Paducah on the 8th day of August, 1906, by Thomas Hawkins vs. steamer Monie Bauer, her engines, tackle, apparel, furniture, etc., and owners, alleging in substance that said steamer was indebted to him in the sum of three hundred and seven dollars, for

his services.

And whereas said libel was answered by said steamer and her owners, denying the same.

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